Letargi

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lethargy n. , pl. , -gies . A state of sluggishness, inactivity, and apathy. A state of unconsciousness resembling deep sleep.

I just met Roberto Bolaño in a dream. It was pretty lucid. I saw him in a big old abandoned and well-litted storage building, with a low ceiling. He was laying, leisurely, right at the center of the room, on top of the long old wooden table with a damp scent, resting his head on his slender hairy hand. He may be posing himself as the Buddha, or it was just a plain gay posture. One never really knows for sure. He wore this light brown wool sweater, that he seemed to hate, and a dark brown lousy, typical bohemian trouser. I was wondering why he still has his long curly, seemingly sloppy hair, from his Infrarealists era. He should be significantly old by now. But he looked very young and lively, slightly disturbed at the same time, like a molested child. I came to him with a feeling of excitement, pacing my steps carefully. There was this feeling of a threatened calamity that surrounds him, as if he was in the middle of some sort of a Zen like meditation.

He could feel my presence from a quite extraordinary radius. He glanced at me once through his round emblematic spectacle, and didn't bother to take any further notice. On the second glance, I took the initiative and smiled and said: *"Buenos días, señor Roberto"*. He seemed awfully disturbed. He raised his fully densed eyebrows, looked at me as if he's seen a ghost, and finally took notice of me. "Yes, how can I help you?" asked him nonchalantly, embroidered with a thick accent. *"Hablo castellano un poco"* I answered, trying to get him to speak in his native language. I'm well aware , that I know a little bit of Spanish. I've learned it for quite some time now. Time to put it in practice. *"Ah, sí,"* he answered. *"¿Cómo puedo ayudarte?"* asked him. Well, that or something similar. *"No señor, sólo quiero verte y hablarte"* I answered, *"Sí ¿De qué le gustaría hablar?"* he replied. I responded him with the same capability of a Spanish scholar for the rest of the conversation, and I was appalled by the fact that I didn't understand most of the things that he, and I had said.

I happened to have a semi-automatic gun in my right pocket. All polished and pretty well-maintained. Not really sure how it got there. Out of spontaneity, I took

the gun out of my pocket, and I shot him, right through his head. He only had a flesh wound. I guess the bullet just went south. Nothing superficial, I believe.

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